

## The Holiest Thing I Know

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## The Holiest Thing I Know

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

George frowned. “Clay?”

The other boy, Clay, blinked. “Dream. But uh... Were you crying? Should- Should I go?”

“I’m not crying,” George scoffed. Despite denying it, he averted his gaze. “I didn’t know you’d be working here.”

Dream hummed and shrugged his jacket off. “I wasn’t gonna take the job, but Phil is a friend of my mom’s, so... I felt kinda bad saying no. And now here I am. Phil called me in, said it was busy.”

“Busy is one way to put it,” George said airly, leaning his head against the wall again, pale neck exposed.

Dream laughed quietly. “Well, I better get down there. See ya around, George.”

Halfway out the door, Dream turned around with a smirk and said, “wipe those pretty tears, George. Save them for someone who will appreciate them.”

The words burned a bright red mark into George’s brain as he sat there, stunned.

OR

Three times George almost cries in front of one of his coworkers and the one time he does

## Notes

all parts are connected, so please do read all of them! and don't subscribe to the individual stories - subscribe to me or the series! otherwise you might miss updates :)

not beta'd we die like George in manhunts!

title is from 'holiest' by glass animals (mention heat waves and I k-word u...)

the first chapter is the 3 things, chapter 2 is the +1 aka the sex lmao

chap 2 will be out tomorrow so be sure to grab your tickets for the show :)

I work at a Mcdonalds in Europe - so things might seem weird, not sure how Mcdonalds works in other countries lmao.

hope you enjoy!

# Hazey

## ONE.

George had worked at McDonald's for about a year. It was a decent job, no matter the amount of complaining he did. His coworkers were nice for the most part, and the customers were understanding more often than not. Sure, sometimes he had eight-hour shifts with people he didn't particularly like and sometimes people came in at ten at night and ordered forty nuggets and then complained about it taking more than, like, four seconds. But it was decent. It paid okay enough, and the money would be good for when he started college that fall.

George had worked at McDonald's for about a year - in fact, he had worked at McDonald's since his specific restaurant opened. He had even worked opening day.

*Which had been hell.*

With a mere twelve hours of training, he was thrown onto the floor with a newly ironed shirt, a never-used-before headset and trembling hands. There had been a never-ending rush of cars and people. George, who was supposed to have a one hour break and work between four p.m. and 1 a.m., got a 30-minute long break and didn't clock out until 2:47.

Needless to say, he had been an emotional fucking mess. He was hungry, tired and his whole body ached.

When his boss, Phil, told him to finally take his break at eight that day, George practically ran into the locker room and collapsed on the bench. He leaned back against the wall and sighed loudly.

George had never been a crier, and he sure as hell wasn't about to become one, but as he looked at himself in the mirror on the wall, he saw that his eyes were shiny with unshed tears.

"Get it together," he muttered, scratching at his neck absentmindedly.

Suddenly the door was opened and shiny brown eyes met wide green ones.

George frowned. "Clay?"

The other boy, Clay, blinked. “*Dream*. But uh... Were you crying? Should- Should I go?”

“I’m not crying,” George scoffed. Despite denying it, he averted his gaze. “I didn’t know you’d be working here.”

*Dream* hummed and shrugged his jacket off. “I wasn’t gonna take the job, but Phil is a friend of my mom’s, so... I felt kinda bad saying no. And now here I am. Phil called me in, said it was busy.”

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*Dream* laughed quietly. “Well, I better get down there. See ya around, George.”

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## **TWO.**

George was working the opening shift. It was a weekend at the beginning of October and things were just starting to cool down. The restaurant was practically empty, and the drive-thru headsets sat quite on tired heads.

“I hate morning shifts,” his co-worker turned genuine friend, Karl, grumbled. In his hand, he had a McDonald’s cup and George knew very well that he had filled it with a Monster Energy Drink when Sam, their shift manager, had looked away.

“Same,” George sighed, pausing his fridge restocking in favour of turning to look at Karl. “It’s a

Saturday... being awake before two in the afternoon should be fucking illegal.”

Karl snorted in agreement just as the doors were slammed open. The glass trembled with the force of a *huge* man storming inside.

“What the fuck is this?!” the man yelled, throwing a burger, in its wrapper but half-eaten, on the presenter table right by the cash registers.

Sam appeared at the front in no time while both Karl and George stood stunned and silent.

“Can I help you, sir?” Sam asked, pasting on his best customer service smile.

“This one,” he pointed at George, “gave me the wrong order!”

“I-I...” George stuttered, almost pressed against the wall at that point.

“I’m so sorry about that sir-”

George tuned out Sam’s voice and tried to get his stupid heart to slow down. Absentmindedly, he noticed that Karl was watching him with worried eyes. The brunet could feel his eyes getting wet - could hear his tear ducts opening as clear as a glass being filled with water. But he was not gonna cry at work, not in front of his coworkers.

*Save them for someone who will appreciate them.*

Dream’s words ringing through his head, George quickly collected himself. He straightened out and tuned back in just in time to catch Sam telling the man that he would get new food.

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## **INTERLUDE.**

Despite what his parents seemed to think, George did have a life outside McDonald’s. It’s just that

it was a very quiet life. George would wake up, get dressed, go to school, attend his classes, take lunch in the library, attend the rest of his classes, go home, sit, eat, sleep. And repeat. If he didn't sit he was at work.

Well. 'Sit' is what his parents called it. What George really did was *code*. Coding was annoying, boring, difficult but so incredibly fun. Hours and hours were poured into lines of code that would never lead to anything real; countless half-finished games and projects taking up space on his hard drive.

George's interest in coding had made him the head of his school's programming club - even though he had only been a student there for less than a year. God bless his parents' jobs that require moving a little too often and the ridiculous amount of money they were willing to spend on sending him to an IB school. At least George wasn't the only Brit. Not that it would have mattered if he was - George didn't really talk to his classmates anyway.

His only friends were Karl from McDonald's and the token *child of a diplomat*, which there seemed to be at least one of at every IB school, Niki.

In true High School Drama Movie fashion, George had an enemy.

Clay. *Dream*. From McDonald's.'

Dream was an arrogant bastard, in George's opinion. He made sure to take every opportunity he could to tease and mock the people around him: classmates and coworkers alike. One of these *classmates and coworkers*, Wilbur, once told George that he thought the teasing was just how Dream flirted. George had almost laughed out loud.

"*He does it to me, Wilbur.*"

"*Exactly, George!*"

The thought of star quarterback and Ivy league bound *Dream* flirting with him. With George! George, who knew too many coding languages and spent too much time at his computer. It was absurd. George had told Wilbur as much, but he had only shrugged.

Dream was arrogant, attractive and incredibly aware of both those things.

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### **THREE.**

But sometimes Dream was a fucking dickhead.

“What?” George blinked owlishly.

The library was empty except for the two of them: George sitting at a table with a book and a sandwich, Dream standing in front of him, head turned down to stare right into George’s eyes. The only thing separating them was the rickety table.

“I said-” Dream took a deep breath, “does it not get tiring sitting in here like a fucking loser?”

“What the hell is wrong with you, Clay?”

“Dream.”

“Piss off. I’m not calling you your dumb nickname.”

“Why don’t you eat in the cafeteria?”

“I don’t want to. Please go away.”

“Are you scared or something? It can’t be that bad,” Dream laughed. “Just suck it up.”

George abruptly stood up and stuffed his sandwich back into the plastic container. He gathered his things quickly and started heading for the exit, but didn’t go far before Dream’s hand encircled his upper arm, effectively stopping him.

“Let me go-” George protested weakly.

“Why don’t you eat in the cafeteria?” he asked again, voice sterner this time, his eyes boring into George’s.

“What is it to you if I do or don’t? Just- please let me go,” George said, voice quiet.

*Drip. Drip. Drip.* The waterways were slowly opening, and heavy floods were gonna be released soon if Dream didn’t let him go.

As if sensing the incoming flood, Dream let go of George. Before he could apologise though, George was out of the library.

They didn’t speak again until December. Not at work, not in school. But when Dream broke their silence, no one mentioned the library incident. No one mentioned that George started eating with Niki from his English class in the cafeteria.

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## **INTERLUDE.**

George could vividly recall a January Thursday evening when he’d shown up and been surprised to see Dream - who hadn’t been on the schedule for that shift - standing in the kitchen.

It was hard to pinpoint exactly what was in the cocktail of emotions that flooded George’s body at the sight of Dream grinning widely, arms crossed, eyes focused intently on Niki as she told him a story.

There had been a dark bruise under one of Dream’s eyes, and his lip had clearly been split. A quick glance at red and purple knuckles confirmed George’s suspicions. Dream had been in a fight.

“George! Hello, man. Did you clock in?” Phil called from the front.

“Oh- uh. Yeah,” George replied. He could feel Dream’s eyes on him and looked over his shoulder,



offering him a small smile.

“Hey,” Dream said. Just ‘hey’.

Then there was a sudden and unexpected rush and George didn’t get the chance to ask about the bruises.

But the second it was calm again, and George was taking a few minutes to drink water before cleaning up the mess that always followed rushes, Dream positioned himself right next to George and bumped their hips together.

“You gonna ask or what?” Dream asked, smirking down at George.

George blushed, averting his gaze. “What do you mean?”

“Saw you looking. You almost forgot to give that one girl her drinks. She was cute, too. You missed out.”

“You think I’d rather look at you than a pretty girl?” George scoffed incredulously. ‘Yeah’, a voice in his head said. ‘You would rather look at Dream than a pretty girl. What is wrong with you?’

Dream hummed. Shrugged. “Maybe.”

“You are so full of yourself, Jesus!” George muttered, eyes rolling in annoyance. “Those guys who gave you all that-” he waved his hand at Dream’s face “- should come back and beat some sense into you.”

Dream grinned.

George knew he was fucked.

“George! You’re so sweet... that’s exactly how I ask people out, too.”

Yep. Definitely fucked.

An embarrassing jumble of noises later, George was pressing his face against the cold wall of the walk-in fridge, as far away from Dream as possible.

# Life Itself

## Chapter Summary

sex happens <3

baby's first smut. hope its okay!!

the ending was kinda rushed, I'm sorry :(

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### + ONE.

It was a Saturday, just past three p.m., and George was sitting in the locker room mindlessly scrolling through his phone. He had the closing shift that night. With Clay. Clay. Dream. Whatever.

They had worked together a bunch of times (some more memorable than others...), but they had never done closing together. Closing meant a whole hour to themselves after the restaurant closed at midnight and the last person except the closing pair went home.

George didn't really know why - but he was nervous.

A quick glance at the time told George it was 3:26. He sighed and stuffed his phone into his backpack. After one last look at himself in the locker room mirror, he braced himself and pushed the heavy door open. He made his way to the punch clock, narrowly avoiding bumping into Niki, who confidently strode past him with a stack of trays.

"Hi, George!" she called, throwing a smile at him over her shoulder before disappearing behind a corner.

George smiled at her before he clocked in. He threw a quick wave at the restaurant manager, Phil, who sat in the office, doing something on the computer. Phil smiled and waved back.

"George."

Dream.

George turned around and was greeted by Dream's towering form.

"Hello, Clay."

Dream chuckled, "Dream. Please."

"I'll try to keep it in mind," George replied.

"Good. Anyway, we're on closing today. Incredibly exciting. It's my first closing shift as shift manager, so we'll see how it'll go," Dream clasped his hands together with a big grin.

George just nodded. "Where do you want me?"

"Second DT window. Want you packing and taking orders. I got Sap, me and Tommy in the kitchen, Niki at the first window and Karl helping you out at the front in 'bev' and packing orders for in-store."

"Do you want me to wear a headset?"

"Yeah. We're not that many so we'll all have them on."

George nodded again and went to grab one of the headsets from the rack. He picked up a battery from the charging station and put it into the headset before gently putting it on, trying to not mess up his hair too much.

He felt Dream's eyes on him as he smoothed out his shirt and made his way up to the second window.

The first few hours went on smoothly. There was a small rush around six, but the group managed it without a hitch.

**At seven,** Phil emerged from the office with a paper coffee mug. He pointed at Dream with a little smile, “don’t burn down my restaurant, kid.”

“No promises,” Dream shrugged.

“Keep an eye on him, George! Come on you two. Teach each other things.”

“What is George gonna teach me?” Dream scoffed, “I know more than him.”

He wasn’t wrong. Dream and George had started working at around the same time, but Dream was already shift manager while George barely worked a few shifts a month. George was just... busy, okay?

“I can teach you how to be a good person,” George muttered.

Phil heard it, though, and laughed loudly. “I was just about to say!”

“You wound me, George!” Dream cried, hands on his chest.

“Okay, I’m out. Wash your hands, Dream! You touched your clothes” Phil said, still smiling as he walked out.

**Tommy got off at eight** - the first one to leave except Phil.

He talked loudly about- George wasn’t very sure. Tommy’s mouth seemed to move quicker than both his own and George’s brain did. Words were said and then taken back quicker than George could properly register them.

Dream helped him order food and then the insufferable teen left in a flurry. George saw Wilbur’s car leave the parking lot and assumed he was the one picking up Tommy.

**Then Niki got off at nine.** She gave Karl a hug and whispered something into his ear which made a blush climb up Karl’s neck. George watched the interaction from afar while taking an order, intrigued. So intrigued that he had to ask the poor woman in the drive-through to repeat herself

three times.

“Bye, George. Good luck with closing today!”

George muted himself to reply. “Bye, Niki. Great work today!” He quickly unmuted himself again after Niki grinned brightly at him. “Sorry, ma’am could you repeat that? These headsets are terrible sometimes...”

At around ten, Karl and George were lazily cleaning the front. Karl had been sweeping the same few tiles for five minutes, and George was scratching at a coca-cola stain. In the kitchen, Dream and Sapnap were laughing loudly.

Karl sighed loudly and looked towards the kitchen.

“When do you get off?” George asked, straightening up and cracking his spine lightly.

Karl glanced at the clock. “Um, eleven. So about forty-five left.”

“Oof.”

“Better than closing,” Karl smirked.

George laughed under his breath and nodded in agreement.

There was a distinct ding in the headset and both boys groaned loudly.

“I’ll take it,” George offered, already reaching up to turn the headset mic on. Karl smiled gratefully and put the broom away to get ready to pack the order.

“We got an order coming!” Karl shouted into the kitchen.

“We know but thank - Dream fuck off!” came Sappaps shrieking laugh in response.

George rolled his eyes and tapped the computer screen to wake it up, “Hello, welcome to McDonald’s! What can I get for you today?”

“Gogy!”

George’s eyes lit up in recognition and his lips morphed into a smile, “Hey, Wilbur.”

“Hi Gogy,” came Tommy’s obnoxious voice from what George assumed was the backseat,

“Ticket time - what can I get you?” George smiled. It was always nice when his friends came to “visit”. Especially when he worked long shifts.

“Oh, right,” Wilbur laughed. “Um, a McChicken and- uh. Forty nuggets-”

“What?” George shrieked. “Wilbur! It’s ten at night!”

Loud groans came from the kitchen as Dream and Sappap - who were both wearing headsets as well - heard the order.

“Tell Wilbur to piss off!” Sappap yelled, followed by Dream’s signature wheezing laugh.

“Nick!” Karl cried, gesturing to the restaurant where two teenage girls were sitting at a corner table, clearly listening to what was going on.

Despite the fact that they had to wait three minutes for the nuggets, their drive-through ticket times didn’t suffer too much. Or at least that’s what Dream said after he checked them at eleven, just after Karl left.

It was just Dream, George and Sappap left, and because of the lack of customers, most closing tasks were already done.

George was... bored. He was leaning against the tiled wall, sipping coke while flipping through the pages of some manual of some sorts. The kitchen duo was still laughing loudly, and George couldn't help himself from wondering what on earth could be so fucking funny.

He pushed off the wall and threw his now empty mug into a trash can before stalking over to the kitchen.

Sapnap spotted him first from where he was sweeping the floor. "Having fun, Gogy?"

At the mention of George's dumb nickname, Dream looked up from his notepad. His eyes looked onto George's before travelling down his slender body. George shuffled awkwardly and hooked his fingers through his belt loops.

"So much fun," he replied sarcastically, purposefully looking away from Dream.

"Did you clean both coffee machines?" Dream asked, back to scribbling.

"Uh, yeah. I mean- Karl did. Before he left... but yeah. Coffee machines, the soda machines and the BIC are all done. Waiting for closing to do the

Combo," George rattled off. "The rest of the list is pretty much done."

Dream just hummed. "Seems like we'll be out of here before one, then."

George nodded.

**At 11:48** Dream sent Sapnap home. At 12, they turned off the lights in the drive-through and locked the doors.

**At 12:04** George got on his knees to lift up the floor drain grids to wash them off.

"You look good on your knees."



George turned around so quickly his legs didn't keep up, and he clumsily fell onto the tile floor, still wet with floor cleaner and water.

Above him stood Dream with his lips tugged into a smirk. Heat rushed through George, painting his entire face and neck a cherry red.

"Wha-What?" George's voice was timid - barely above a whisper.

"You're so easy, George," Dream mumbled, squatting down to get closer to George's eye level. "Go clock out."

George glanced around. "We're not done."

Gracefully, Dream rose to his full height. "Go clock out, George."

With a small gulp, George nodded. He awkwardly stood up and then shuffled over to the punch clock. With shaking fingers he typed his badge number and then the "PUNCH OUT" button.

What the hell was Dream doing?

George turned around slowly to face Dream.

"You okay with this?" Dream asked, slowly approaching him.

"What is *this*?" George asked, voice trembling.

"If you're okay with it, I'd like to fuck you. I'd like to make you cry."

*Save them for someone who will appreciate them.*

"Fuck," George exhaled. "Um. Sure. I- I am okay."

“Cool.”

And then Dream kissed him. A wet tug-of-war that Dream quickly won as George was reduced to a whining mess in the taller boy's steady hands.

“You look so pretty, pup,” Dream mumbled as they broke apart to breathe. The nickname tore a *pathetic* noise from George’s spit-slicked lips. “You like that, hm? Knew you were fucking filthy, baby. Gonna fuck you so good. Where you want it? Here? On the counters where we make the food? Maybe in the staff room? *In my car?*”

Dream’s words were making a scrambled mess out of George’s head, and the shorter boy was finding it hard to think - hard to understand what Dream was saying.

That is until Dream mentioned his car.

Though it took effort, George said, “Dream... I am not losing my virginity in your tiny ass mini-cooper.”

The words made Dream pause. “Virginity?”

George blinked, head getting clearer and clearer the longer he went without Dream’s honey-drenched words. “Did- did you think I wasn’t a virgin?”

“What the hell, yes? You’re hot as hell,” Dream replied, genuinely confused.

“You were literally my first kiss.”

“What? When?”

George glanced over his shoulder to check the time on the punch clock, then he looked back at Dream and met his eyes confidently. “Four minutes ago.”

“You could have told me! I would have made it nicer,” Dream exclaimed.

“Just shut up and do it again,” George groaned, hands grabbing Dream’s shoulders to pull him in.

Their lips met again, and this time the battle was more even, but in the end, Dream won once again. When George felt a large hand snaking up his chest underneath his shirt he pulled away slightly, leaving barely an inch between them.

“Dream,” George mumbled, not missing the way Dream’s eyes lit up as George called him by his nickname. “Dream, we need to clean.”

Dream sighed, nodding in agreement. “I know, fuck.”

“But then... then you take me home. My... my parents aren’t home. Work.”

The boys parted, red-faced, panting and grinning so widely that their cheeks hurt. Together they cleaned up in record time, throwing glances at each other as they brushed up *accidentally* bumped into the other by the dishwasher, by the register, by the laundry machine...

**At 12:51**, Dream locked the doors behind them and turned to face George.

“It’s... okay. If you have changed your mind, I mean. No hard feelings. We can, um, go home. Separately,” Dream said in a gentle voice, peering down at George - who quickly shook his head.

“I... want this. Think I have for a long time. Just didn’t know,” George admitted.

“A long time, huh?”

George rolled his eyes at Dream’s growing smirk. “Your head is already huge, I don’t get why I try to flatter you.”

Dream laughed and took George’s hand in his, intertwining their fingers. “S not the only thing that’s huge.”

“I hate you!” George groaned, throwing his head back in exasperation . “Just take me home and fuck me already.”

“As you wish, baby.”

**At 01:12**, George was pushed against his bedroom door and kissed roughly by none other than Dream. Once again, Dream dominated the kiss, pulling moans and whimpers from George’s mouth like it was nothing. Their height difference forced Dream to crane his neck which was going to end up being painful soon.

“Bed,” Dream panted into their kiss. George gave a responding whine and let himself be tugged towards his unmade bed.

Dream sat down and pulled George into his lap, making the short boy straddle him. Large hands met small thighs, small hands met broad shoulders and lips met lips. With every second that passed, George could feel himself melting, brain fried and gooey. He was putty in Dream’s hands.

When Dream eventually broke the kiss and leaned back to look at George, he was met by an absolute mess. George’s lips were red, bitten and *so so* wet, there was spit running down his chin and his neck. His eyes were shining, threatening to overflow, and all they had done was *kiss*. A deep red blush spread from his cheeks, down his neck to below his collar.

“You’re so wrecked for me, pup. So beautiful,” Dream cooed gently, running a hand through George’s sweaty curls.

“Dream... Dream. Please,” George whimpered.

“Please what, hm? You gonna tell me what you want like a good boy?”

Dream was cruel, George decided. Words were so hard, and Dream was forcing him to speak? What did he want? God, he wanted Dream to rail him, to put it simply. But when he opened his mouth to speak, there were no words - just pathetic noises.

Dream ran a gentle thumb across George’s cheekbone and studied him closely. “Come on, baby.

Tell me.”

“Want- want you...”

“Awe, but pup... you have me, don’t you?” Dream replied, voice sickeningly sweet and possibly drenched in condescending undertones.

“Dream,” George whined. He pressed his flushed face into Dream’s neck, eyes squeezing shut. “Want you inside me, please. Please, please. Wanna have you in me. Please, Dreamie,” George hiccuped, not taking notice of the wetness on his cheeks. “Wanna cry and I wanna come so bad. So hard it hurts. Wan’ you.”

Dream cooed and gently pulled George away from his neck. “You’re crying, pup.”

With a trembling hand, George reached up and touched his cheeks. He met Dream’s eyes and nodded shakily. “Y-you...”

“I what?”

“You told me to save my tears for someone who’d appreciate them.”

Dream frowned, not understanding what George meant, not remembering when he could have possibly said something like that to him. When it clicked, his eyes softened and he cupped George’s face gently.

“Aren’t you a sweetheart, remembering things like that?” Dream mumbled.

“Can we... can you please fuck me now?” George whimpered, rolling his hips in search of friction.

Dream chuckled. “Okay, baby. I get it.”

Next thing he knew, George was laying on his back, head surrounded by his many pillows. Dream hovered above him, large and menacing. They kissed again, hot, and wet, and deep. George back

arched off the bed as he desperately pulled Dream closer. Finally, Dream lowered his hips and their crotches met.

George moaned loudly into the kiss, head falling back. Never had he felt this kind of pleasure before, and he wasn't sure what he'd do if Dream left him after this. He'd barely gotten *one* hit, but George was addicted to the intoxicating drug that was Dream.

Dream trailed kisses down George's neck and began unbuttoning his uniform shirt.

"D-don't ruin it," George groaned. "It's my only one."

Dream hummed in response. George lifted his shoulders off the bed to help Dream get it off. The brunet leaned back on his elbows and looked up at the blond as he unbuttoned his own shirt. Dream's fingers were sure and steady, and George, who felt like he was a step away from death, envied him.

Finally, Dream slipped his own shirt off his shoulders, and the sight made George's jaw drop. Dream was a football player, he worked out a lot - George knew these things. But seeing the results of hours on a field, in a gym... George felt like his lungs were empty of air.

Dream, who was arrogant, attractive and aware of both those things, noticed George's slack jaw and wide eyes and smirked down at the poor boy. "You like it?"

In lieu of a response, George whined wantonly and fell back on his back.

"Get on with it', I get it. God, pup, you're a desperate little whore, aren't you?" Dream mumbled so quietly that George barely heard. Then he said, louder this time, "can I take your pants off? And underwear?"

When George nodded, Dream went ahead and pulled his black uniform pants down his pale legs, along with his boxers. The items joined their shirts on the floor and Dream suddenly had a fully naked boy underneath him.

"Please... you too?" George begged, eyes locked on Dream's face.

"Of course, baby. You're so good for me, so, so good. You beg so nicely," Dream breathed. He

made quick work of his own pants and underwear and threw them into the growing pile. “Do you have lube?”

A small trembling hand pointed to the nightstand and Dream got up to go get it. He opened the top drawer and was met by the sight of a half-empty, well-loved, bottle of lube. Dream chuckled softly and glanced at George who had curled up in a ball in an attempt to hide.

Bottle in hand, Dream sat down on the bed and gently pulled George into his lap so that the smaller boy was straddling him. The position made their cocks met with a dry kind of friction. Nevertheless, it made George moan.

“Do you want me to prep you, or do you wanna do it yourself?” Dream asked, gently gripping George’s chin to force eye contact.

“You, p’ease, Dreamie. Hands shaky,” came George’s mumbled response. He was crying again, fat tears rolling down flushed cheeks.

“Okay, pup. I’ll take it slow. You’re doing so good for me,” Dream replied.

The taller boy opened the bottle and covered three of his fingers richly. With a final ‘okay’ from George, he circled his hole. Dream wrapped his free arm around George’s waist and pulled him closer just as the first finger breached his rim. The intrusion made George whimper and push his face into Dream’s neck. From that position, he could feel Dream’s throat vibrate with the words of praise he spoke as he pushed his thick finger further into George.

After a few moments, George asked for more, and Dream was happy to oblige. The stretch of Dream’s fingers were so different compared to George’s own. Dream’s hands were bigger, fingers long and thick. They felt good, rubbing against his walls in just the right way.

Another few minutes and then Dream pushed in a third. This time, George moaned wantonly as the feeling of pleasure mixed with pain spread through him. Dream cooed at him and pulled him impossibly closer.

“You think you’re ready?” Dream asked.

George nodded, pulling back from Dream’s neck. He blushed as he noticed the absolute mess he had made of Dream’s chest; tears and spit mixed together on strong muscles.

“I don’t have a condom...” George admitted shyly, meeting Dream’s gaze.

“I can check my backpack. It’s in the car but-”

George cut him off, “I’m a virgin. I... I’m clean. So. If you want... If you’re clean, too, then...”

Dream looked at George with big eyes. “You’re sure?”

“Yes.”

For the second time that night, George was pushed onto his back with Dream hovering above him.

“I’m gonna fuck you so good you cry your pretty little head a headache,” Dream said, almost wistfully, as he lined himself up. “Okay?”

Stunned, George could do nothing but nod in response.

Then, *finally* , Dream pushed. And pushed. And *pushed*. The stretch seemed never-ending and Jesus christ George was happy his parents weren’t home because he *screamed*.

“Yeah?” Dream smirked.

“Yes! Now- please!” George cried in response.

Immediately, Dream set a brutal pace. He pulled out and slammed back in, and for a second George thought his hips were genuinely going to break.

George wrapped his arms around Dream’s neck and pulled him closer. Once again, shiny brown eyes met wide green ones and a strange sense of déjà vu settled over George. From the locker room incident on opening day to Dream’s first time closing. Crazy how things happen, yeah?



“You look so good, drooling and crying all over yourself,” Dream grunted, fueled by the sound of their skin slapping together. “God, pup, can I spit in your mouth? Wanna see you covered in me.”

“Anything, Dreamie, you can do anything,” George sobbed.

Two of Dream’s fingers pushed into George’s mouth, prying his lips open before he spat onto the brunets waiting tongue. George moaned, swallowing happily.

“So fucking amazing. You’re breathtaking,” Dream said, voice hoarse.

“‘m close, gettin’ close Dreamie,”

“Hold out a little longer, dearest,” came Dream’s breathy response.

His request fell on deaf ears as George came untouched on the next thrust, angled right into his prostate.

The stimulation quickly became too much for George, and he desperately begged Dream to stop.

“Okay, fuck, God...” Dream groaned. He pulled out and fell onto his back next to George, still hard.

“I can... I can blow you?” George mumbled, head turned to look at Dream.

Dream turned to face George. “You would?”

“Yes. I’d like to. Please?”

“Yeah, baby, go ahead,” Dream replied, eyes blown wide in surprise.

George rose onto his knees shakily. His pale stomach was covered in his own cum, but he disregarded it in favour of straddling Dream's thighs.

"I've never done this before," George said, looking at Dream.

"You don't have to do anything if you don't want to," Dream replied. He sat up and cupped George's face. "If you want... You can just sit there and look pretty while I jerk off. We can save blow jobs for another time, baby. You've already done a lot today."

*Another time... Dream wanted there to be another time?*

George averted his gaze and nodded. "I'm sorry."

"Hey," Dream used his grip on George's face to shake him gently. "No apologising. That's forbidden, okay?" When George finally nodded after a few moments of silence, Dream continued speaking. "Alright then, you just sit there and look pretty for me, pup."

"Can I kiss you?" George asked quietly.

"Of course you can. Come here-"

George surged forward, pressing their lips together. He could feel Dream smile into the kiss and pushed even closer. The lube bottle was opened again and soon after George heard the slick noises of Dream touching himself.

It wasn't long before Dream exhaled against George's spit slick lips and spilled into his hand.

George pulled back a little and glanced down. "You didn't last that much longer than me."

Dream snorted, "baby... are you insulting me now?"

"Someone has to," George smiled. "Shower, please?"

“Yeah. Tomorrow we talk, okay? About us.”

George nodded. “Now shower.”

#### Chapter End Notes

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